

The Bisque Token

By JOHN ERIC VIRGINI

Copyright, 1908, by McClure, Phillips & Co.

The long sand beach seemed to be deserted—not a single soul in view. Suddenly from the gray timbers of a wrecked vessel's stern rose Dickie Boy's head. Half kneeling in his worn and scanty garments, he rested a hand on the jagged edge of a beam and, craning his neck, looked up and down the beach.

For a second he knelt there, facing the gleaming sea. The sun was in the west, but it was still bright. Well, it was early yet. She usually came a bit nearer sunset time. He hastily dived into one of his pockets and from the tangle that crammed it extracted three marbles, a fishhook and his dearly bought treasure. The salesgirl had wrapped it daintily for him with narrow white ribbon, and he held it carefully, almost reverently, in both brown little hands.

"Jiminee, I'm glad I've got something to give her before she goes away—something to remember me by."

For a quarter hour more the sun marched toward the western horizon, and then she came. But, alas, she was not alone! A man was with her—not one of her numerous summer admirers, but a man whom Dickie never had seen. He was young and vigorous, but there was something about him that bespoke age—a sternness, even a hardness, as of one who had fought battles.

They passed the corner of the wreck whence Dickie Boy's head had risen just before and went down to the other end of the vessel, where some fallen timbers made a sheltered seat. They were both looking away from the dismantled stern, and through a convenient opening in its joints a pair of blue eyes watched them eagerly. It was not in Dickie's character of youthful traditions to sneak or hide, even less to be an eavesdropper, but somehow a curious shyness had invaded him at sight of the stranger, and he found himself unable to go forward or speak, but of the conversation which reached his ears he understood little or nothing—he was still such a child.

"How plainly we hear the buoy!" said the girl, arranging the border of her blue serge skirt close to her russet shoes. She was intent upon speaking of impersonalities. The man looked out to sea, whence came the fitful tone at disconcerting intervals.

"Wind's in our direction," he remarked briefly.

"What makes it so sad?" she speculated idly, picking up a pebble and throwing it into the surf. "The irregularity of the sound, do you think?" "Irregularity is not necessarily sad," the man objected. "I think perhaps it's the aimlessness, the futility of it, dear. A bell ought to call people together, and this one warns them off. Therefore it's lonely. It must ever be lonely. That's why it's sad, little girl."

The bell swung at the mercy of the wind and water. Its sound came to them in the pauses of the surf.

"Keep away, keep away!" chanted the girl, with the same measured intervals. "Yes, I don't know but you're right. It's a rather doleful burden."

While the girl looked silently out to sea he reverently studied her face, with its somewhat pale beauty—the effects of the gold hair under the yachting cap and that of the chastening indifference of her eyes.

Suddenly he rose and stood before her, his broad shoulders silhouetted against the growing pink of the western sky.

"I'm going away again, Eleanor," he said. "I'm going tonight. I thought when I came back that you might love me. Perhaps you do. I don't know. You don't know yourself. But I've lost my old boyish faith, you see. I distrust you, and you distrust yourself—and so it is hopeless."

He spoke with a bitterness that seemed involuntary. Then for one brief second he stooped and laid his face against the soft hair on her forehead. She could not see the yearning tenderness of his expression, but there was a flush on her cheeks and a light in her eyes.

"You see, Blair," she said slowly, "it's so hard for me to know my own mind, I—"

"Yes," he threw in, a little frown on his forehead, "and it wasn't so very different five years ago."

"You mean to reproach me, Blair?" The flush on the girl's face was deeper now, but the light had died out. The note of trouble in her voice melted him. Unconsciously he sat down again on the timbers.

"I mean that I have lost five good years out of my life because you didn't know your own mind, little girl. If you had known—"

She held out her slim hand to stop him. Then his eye fell on a tiny ring on the third finger—a ring with a bit of red stone like a drop of blood. He reached over and took the outstretched hand.

"Poor little ring," he said musingly. "You would not take it, you remember, Eleanor, till I promised that it should bind you to nothing. It was to be a reminder merely of our friendship. But in these five years all my thought, all my labor, has been for you. I've never been wholly hopeful, but now the last shred of hope is gone." He relinquished her hand gently. "And tomorrow—well, the years that stretch before me seem a bit black and long."

"Blair, I don't think it's kind of you to talk like that," the girl broke in with a nervous little laugh that was half a sob. "It makes me feel—it makes me feel positively guilty, as if

FEVER SORES

Fever sores and old chronic sores should not be healed entirely, but should be kept in healthy condition. This can be done by applying Chamberlain's Salve. This salve has no superior for this purpose. It is also most excellent for chapped hands, sore nipples, burns and diseases of the skin. For sale by Safford Drug Co.

Two-thirds of the letters written represent an hour's waste of time.

MAKE

"A New Year's Resolution"

THAT WILL SAVE YOU MONEY

Buy your Shoes, Dry Goods,
Clothing, Men's Furnishings
and Groceries, from the

THE J. M. FOSTER
MERCANTILE CO.

I had purposely broken your heart. You wouldn't want me to marry you if I hadn't surely made up my mind, would you? And I can't help it if nature deliberately made me a coquette—so there!" She tossed a handful of sand into space. She was angry with herself for the foolish tears that had started.

Then there came a startled little cry of pain. Some of the sand had blown directly into Dickie Boy's blue eyes. A few moments later, when he had been drawn out into the light and had stammered his honest excuses, he laid the ribbon wrapped packet in his lady's lap and would have turned and fled, but his limbs seemed to have lost the power of locomotion.

Eleanor swiftly untied the ribbon while Dickie watched her adoringly. He was not afraid of her, ever, but of the big strange gentleman with the serious eyes.

"Oh, oh, oh!" cried Eleanor. "What a dear, cunning little heart!" She held up a heart shaped pin tray between her eyes and the light. "And it's bisque, real bisque. But who sent it, Dickie Boy?"

"I bought it, I did," assured Dickie, swelling with dignity.

"Why, Dickie, Dickie Boy! Wherever in the world did you get so much money?" she said tenderly, drawing him down to her side and pushing back his locks of hair while she looked into his eyes.

"Worked," answered Dickie laconically, displaying his hard, brown little hands, which showed unmistakable signs of wrestle with a stubborn soil.

"Oh, Dickie, Dickie Boy! And you did all this for me?" "Do more'n that for you, I would do anything for you," said he stoutly. "An' I wanted you to have something to remember me by when you was gone."

Involuntarily Eleanor turned to the grave face behind her. Blair had not spoken. He was looking at the cliffs which frowned darkly against the glow of the sunset sky, and it suddenly struck her how deep were the lines that loneliness and pain had carved. Quickly she glanced down again at the adoring small countenance on her arm.

Years before Blair's face had worn that same look of boyish idolatry. The remembrance of it touched her now as his manly devotion had failed to do.

"I'll keep the little heart always, Dickie," she said, rising from the sand and stooping to kiss the boy's forehead as she did so.

"An' you won't break it?" inquired Dickie anxiously. Eleanor smiled strangely. The bit of bisque had come to her as a token.

"No, Dickie Boy, I shall never break any more hearts, I think—never any more." Turning to the man, she said gently: "Blair, dear, I'd like to walk up the hill and see the last of the sunset. Will you come?"

The man stopped at sight of the girl's face. There was about it a strange radiance that touched while it uplifted him.

And as the two went up the hill together Dickie followed at a respectful distance, turning handsprings.

Kibbey Again Appointed Governor

On December 16th, President Roosevelt sent to the Senate the name of Joseph H. Kibbey for Governor of Arizona, to take effect at the expiration of his present term in February.

Joseph H. Kibbey has been governor of Arizona for the past four years, having been appointed by President Roosevelt. His confirmation by the senate will mean a renomination, but he will hardly serve the full term, as it is expected by him and all other prominent Arizonians at present in Washington, that Arizona will secure Statehood at this short session, or it that be not accomplished, we will at least secure the passage of the enabling act next spring.

Every bride and groom should have their picture taken together; it will afford such sport for their grand children.

Beyond wanting a base ball suit in summer, and a sweater in winter, a boy pays very little attention to fashions.

THATCHER

[By Our Special Correspondent]

Supt. J. A. Woods' father, of St. Johns, is visiting with his son and family.

Theodore Moody and wife, of Coronado, are spending the holidays in Thatcher.

Mrs. Session was made president of the W. C. T. U. at Safford on Monday afternoon.

Ruben Fuller is home from Globe spending the holidays with his family and friends.

The Thatcher district schools and the Academy are celebrating the holidays by a week's vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. John Birdno, of Safford, were among the guests at Mr. and Mrs. Phillips' on Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. David Kimball, mother of Thomas Kimball, of Utah, has come to spend the winter with her daughter and son at Thatcher.

Each department of the district schools had a Christmas program for the children on Thursday afternoon. The seventh and eighth grades celebrated with an elaborate picnic at noon.

The general priesthood meeting was held last Saturday afternoon with the usual good attendance. Many things of profit were spoken of and the people were encouraged to be faithful to duty.

The walls of the new Academy building are now finished and it presents a magnificent appearance, with its three stories of handsome gray cement blocks. The carpenter work is now under way and it will be pushed to completion.

Christmas passed off very quietly in Thatcher. Many happy family reunions and delicious Christmas dinners were the main features of the day, and a dance in the evening made a very happy ending of the day for the young people.

The leap year dance given by a joint committee of Thatcher, Safford and Pima girls, on Tuesday evening, was a brilliant success. A large crowd was present, and the young ladies certainly showed the young men how to entertain.

John and Ed Hoopes have returned to Thatcher after an absence of about six months. They have been traveling in the interest of a book company, and have gained so much in weight that their old friends hardly knew them.

A pleasant dinner party took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Phillips on Tuesday afternoon, in honor of Mrs. Phillips' mother, Mrs. Layton, who is visiting with them from Canada, also to commemorate the fifty-ninth birthday of Mr. Phillips. The guests gathered about three o'clock and enjoyed social conversation, interspersed with choice music and singing by the Phillips family, for about an hour. At four o'clock the guests were taken into the dining room and about thirty sat down to a very delicious dinner. A number of courses were served which were both dainty and appetizing. About ten came for the second table, making about forty in all. Mr. and Mrs. Phillips are a delightful host and hostess, and this with the choice entertainment of Alice, Priscilla and Joe, made the afternoon one of unusual pleasure.

The Christmas cantata given by fifty school children on Christmas eve was splendid. The play: It is Christmas eve and the children decide to visit Santa Claus in an air ship. When they arrive there, they overhear Santa Claus complaining of the children's ingratitude, which teaches the children a lesson. While they are still there,

a group of children from Germany come to see Santa Claus. Their German costumes were unique and pretty. Then followed a band from France, Italy, Japan and Russia, all in typical costume. Each group tells how they celebrate Christmas in their own land. A pretty drill of all the nationalities finished the play. It was well attended and much enjoyed by all. The proceeds are to be used to buy new books for the library. O. C. Jones took the part of Santa Claus, and Emma Cluff of mother. The children were well trained, for which Mrs. Maud Callison deserves a special credit.

The Relief Society Conference, which was held on Wednesday, December 23d, was a very successful one. It opened at ten o'clock, and carried out the following program:

Hymn, "Now Let Us Rejoice," by the congregation.

Prayer, by Patriarch Samuel Claridge.

Hymn, "Redeemer of Israel," by the congregation.

Greeting, by President Elizabeth Layton.

Response, by Clarissa Norton, of Pima.

Piano Solo, by Mrs. Mae Welch.

Report, by Mary Peterson, of Graham.

Report, by Helen Bryce, of Bryce.

Solo, "A Poor Wayfaring Man," by Peter McBride, of Matthews.

Remarks, by President Johnson.

Hymn and Benediction.

At the noon intermission, picnic was enjoyed in the hall below.

The program of the afternoon session, which met at two o'clock, was as follows:

Hymn, "Praise to the Man," by the congregation.

Prayer, by Patriarch John Taylor.

Duties, by Alice and Priscilla Phillips.

Report, by Cynthia Layton.

Talk, "Relief Society Membership," by S. Lena S. Phillips.

Solo, "The Seer," by Joddy Bingham.

Address, "What Is Worth While," by Alice K. Beebe.

Discussion, by Josephine C. Kimball and Annie Clawson.

Closing remarks, by President Kimball.

Doxology and Benediction.

WANTED—To rent a small farm. Call at Hall's Law Office.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Collins, and daughter, who were spending several days with Mrs. Collins' parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Britton, of Artesia, returned to Globe Sunday evening.

A woman ought to be pretty, to console her for being a woman at all.

How many thousand years is it since you heard a real good new story?

You can make the average man happy by referring to him as a leading citizen.

The weeping at a wedding is never as real as that which sometimes comes afterwards.

IMPORTED CHINA

We have the most beautiful line of hand painted China shown in the valley. We received this direct from the factory in Germany, and the prices will suit you.

Salad Sets \$3.00 to . . . \$7.50
Chocolate Sets \$4.00 to . . . 8.00
Bread and Butter Plates, per set
\$1.00 . . . 3.00
Cake Plates, \$1.00 to . . . 3.50
Chocolate Cups, 25c to75
Gift Cups and Saucers, 35c to . . 1.25
Spoon Trays, 50c to 1.00
Salad Bowls, \$1.00 to . . . 3.50
Nut Bowls,75
Ornamental Vases, \$1.50 to . . 3.50

CARVING SETS
KNIVES AND FORKS
PERCOLATORS
TEA POTS
COFFEE POTS
TEA KETTLES

TOILET SETS:
Ebony. Silver Plated.
Hand Painted China.

Solomon Commercial Co.
The Store of Quality

New Year's Greeting

As the year 1908 is about to go down into the realms of the past, we take this opportunity to thank our patrons for their liberal patronage during the year, and to extend to one and all a Pleasant and Prosperous New Year.

With all the panics, rains and floods and all combined—this has been the banner year with us. We have handled more of the farmers produce than in any previous year, and we expect to beat this year's record in 1909. Again thanking you, and wishing you prosperity, We are, Yours truly,

Thatcher I. & M. Co.

A. R. LYNCH,
Attorney-at-Law
Safford, Arizona

---WANTED---
EGGS
C. O. D.

All empties promptly returned

\$10.50 CASH

Don't write, but ship at once by Express

Charles Pollard,
Globe, Ariz.

60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE
PATENTS
TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS & C.
A person sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. We issue on Patent right free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through H. A. & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the Scientific American.
A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year, four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers.
MUNN & Co 301 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 111 F. St., Washington, D. C.

We carry a full line of Kabo Corsets ranging in price from \$1.00 to \$5.00, and suitable for all requirements. No matter what you pay for a Kabo you get your money's worth.

Kabo Corset, style No. 888, is just what you want for a strong, serviceable corset. It has medium high bust and is especially effective in producing the right lines for hips and back.

Price, \$2.00
Kabo Corsets are the best corsets, guaranteed rustless and unbreakable, prices, \$1.00 to \$5.00.

FOR SALE BY

PAUL BROWN, Safford, Arizona

MCDONALD'S

Salt Lake

CHOCOLATES

Are acknowledged by the Trade to be the Best Candies possible to produce.

Ask Your Dealer